She may be honeſt yet: tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a handkerchiefe,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one, twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkerchiefe
I am ſure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If't be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlaue had forty thouſand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now I doe ſee tis true, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, ——tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
To tyrranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aſpicks tongues. *he kneeles.*
Iag. Pray be content.
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*;
Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſiue courſe,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
To the *Propontick* and the *Helleſpont*:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,
Till that a capeable and wide reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not riſe yet: Iago *kneels.*
Witneſſe the euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about;
Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* ſeruice: let him command,

And to obey, ſhall be in me remorce,
What bloody worke ſo euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee to't,
Within theſe three dayes, let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio's* not aliue.
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you requeſt, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death,
For the faire deuill: now art thou my Leiutenant.
Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Deſdemona, Emilia *and the Clowne.*

Deſ. Doe you know ſirra, where the Leiutenant *Caſſio* lies?
Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why man?
Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to ſay a Soldier lies, is ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies there, were to lie in mine owne throate.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions, And by them anſwer.
Deſ. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this, is within the compaſſe of mans witte and therefore Ile attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*
Deſ. Where ſhould I looſe that handkerchiefe *Emilia*?
Em. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Beleeue me, I had rather looſe my purſe
Full of Cruſadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As icalous creatures are, it were enough